A POWER COMIC

WIN A NEW BICYCLE—FREE! SEE INSIDE!

SMASH!

No. 82
26th AUG. 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10c. SOUTH AFRICA 8c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

BATMAN

With ROBIN The Boy Wonder

THE DYNAMIC DUO HAVE BEEN CALLED TO COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE. HOLY HOAXES! A GIRL HAS BEEN IMITATING BATMAN!

IF SHE AIN'T YOUR SISTER, WHO IS SHE?

WHO IS WHO?

THE GIRL IN THIS PICTURE!

IT WAS SNAPPED BY AN AUTOMATIC CAMERA DURING A BANK HOLDUP TODAY!

LET'S SEE IT, FOR PITY'S SAKE!

HOLY COPYRIGHT INFRINGEMENT! A BATGIRL!

THOUGH THE GIRL IN THIS BANK-PHOTO IS IN BAT COSTUME, SHE'S UNKNOWN TO ROBIN AND ME!

YOU THINK WE'D LET A GIRL ON THE TEAM?!?

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EVEN MORE AMAZING, THEN! FOUR HOLDUPS WERE FOILED TODAY BY THIS SINGLE GIRL!

HOW DO YOU KNOW SHE ISN'T MARRIED?

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TELL THEM ABOUT THE MONEY, SIR...

I CAN SCARCELY BRING MYSELF TO DO SO...

IF WE'RE TO HELP, COMMISSIONER, WE MUST HAVE THE FACTS!

THIS "BATGIRL" PERSON THWARTED FOUR HOLDUPS AND LEFT THE CROOKS FOR THE LAW--BUT--

--SHE LIT OUT WITH THE LOOT!

HOLY HIJACK!

--A MATTER OF $163,727!

LET'S GO, ROBIN!

CASH IN OVER THE PAGE, FANS!

WHERE DO WE FIND HER?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT FIND HER WE MUST -- BEFORE SHE DESTROYS OUR IMAGE!
YOU THINK WE'LL FIND BATGIRL ON A BEAT-UP PIER LIKE THIS, BATMAN?
NO, ROBIN -- BUT WE MAY FIND SOME INFORMATION ABOUT HER --
-- AT AN EVEN LOWER LEVEL!
BOB KANE
-- UNDER THE PIER!
HERE UNDER THE PIER IS THE NOTORIOUS "CANARY CLUB" --
I KNOW -- THE HANGOUT FOR EVERY POLICE INFORMER IN GOTHAM CITY!
WE WANT A WORD WITH YOU BOYS!
BATMAN!
SUDDENLY EVERY MEMBER OF THE CRUMMY CREW ATTACKS THE DYNAMIC DUO!
POW!
BAM!
GUESS THEY'D RATHER FIGHT THAN SWITCH!
SOCK!
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BONG!
MIGHT AS WELL LET THEM DO THEIR OWN WORK!
WE JUST WANTED TO ASK IF YOU KNOW THIS GIRL?
NO! NO!
--AN' EVEN IF WE DID -- WE WOULDN'T TELL YOU NOTHIN' ABOUT HER!!
THERE'S MORE ABOUT BATGIRL NEXT WEEK, FANS!

Percy's Pets

'THE CAT SAT ON THE MAT!'

'THE CAT SAT ON THE MAT!'

I'M TEACHING POLLY TO SPEAK PROPERLY — HER GRAMMAR'S ATROCIOUS!

BAH! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS — I'M OFF!

HELP! COME BACK! YOUR LESSONS AREN'T FINISHED YET!

GRR! POLLY ISN'T GETTING AWAY WITH PLAYING TRUANT — I'LL GET HER BACK!

SUCK!

HELP! PERCY'S AFTER ME, SAMMY!

LEAVE HIM TO ME!

HELP! I CAN'T SEE A THING!

HEH! HEH! HOW'S THAT FOR A TURBAN?

ZOOT!

SOME PEOPLE CAN'T TAKE A JOKE!

GRR! NOW WHERE'S POLLY?

AHA! THAT'S A *FOAM* CUSHION — NOT A *FEATHER* CUSHION! I THINK I KNOW WHERE POLLY IS NOW!

HO! HO! GOT YOU, POLLY — YOU'RE TRAPPED!

AAGH! CHEAT!

ZIP!

'THE CAT SAT ON THE MAT — THE DOG SAT ON THE FROG — THE EEL SAT ON ITS HEEL!'

HOW TO SPEAK PROPER ENGLISH

WOODWORM.

THE FROG SAT ON THE DOG — THE GNU SAT ON THE SHOE — THE PIG SAT ON THE WIG —

BY JINGO! THAT'S CLEVER, PERCY — I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD THROW YOUR VOICE!

OH, IT'S — ER — NOTHING, UNCLE JAMES!

VERY CLEVER INDEED, MY BOY — HERE'S HALF-A-CROWN FOR YOURSELF!

COO! TA, UNCLE!

THROWING HIS VOICE, MY BLINKING FOOT — IT'S *ME* IN HERE! POLLY, HIS PERISHING PARROT!

THANKS, BUSTER! I THOUGHT I WAS IN THERE FOR THE DAY!

IT'S — IT'S — IT'S A PARROT!

I C-CAN EXPLAIN, UNCLE!

GRR! TAKE MONEY UNDER FALSE PRETENCES, WOULD YOU?

HO! HO! I DON'T THINK I'LL SEE PERCY FOR A WHILE NOW!

JAMES BOND

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1967

AMMO

HEH! HEH! MY LATEST INVENTION, FOLKS — A SAUSAGE MACHINE GUN!

ALL I NEED NOW IS SOME SAUSAGES! HEH! HEH!

AND WHERE BETTER TO GET BANGERS THAN IN A BUTCHER'S!

MINUTES LATER...

GENUINE BANGERS, MADAM — NOT A BLINKING BREADCRUMB IN ANY OF THEM!

ERK!

MINCE

SNATCH!

SMASHING! I HATE FRIED BREAD WITH MY BANGERS! HEH! HEH!

AND I HATE PENNIES IN MY MINCE! GRRR!

MINCE

YOUR TURN TO HIDE NOW! G-GULP!

SHOW THAT HORRIBLE FACE IN HERE AGAIN AND I'LL REALLY MAKE MINCE-MEAT OUT OF YOU!

BIT

KICK!

BAH! BOOTED BY A LIVE STEAK!

ONLY ONE THING FOR IT — I'LL HAVE TO GET MY AMMUNITION READY COOKED!

AND SO...

CAFE NOSH

SLURP! SLURP! MY FAVOURITE — BANGERS AND MASH! DROOL!

???

56 lb.

SPLUDGE!

56 lb.

AAGH! MY BANGERS ARE GOING OFF!

56 lb.

HEH! HEH! BANG ON! COME TO PENNY!

WAA-AAH! STOP HER!

BLAT!

STOPPED IT IS! HEH! HEH! I'M THE LAD TO LADLE OUT PUNISHMENT!

AAGH! WHERE DID WE COME FROM?

CAFE NOSH

MASH

MASH

MASH

MASH

BOOT!

BAH! I KNOW WHO I'LL USE MY GUN ON FIRST!

M'MM! I KNOW THAT NIFF! IT'S SAUSAGES ON THE SIZZLE!

? ? ?

MY NOSE KNOWS WHERE THEY ARE!

♫ OH, A LIFE IN THE OPEN AIR — A BANGER FRYING ♫ DEEP!

SIZZLE!

SIZZLE!

SIZZLE!

I SOMETIMES WONDER IF B.P. STANDS FOR BADEN-POWELL, BE PREPARED, OR BANGER-PAN...

....OR BAD PENNY! AAGH!

NOW YOU CAN DO YOUR GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY — HAND OVER THEM BANGERS! HEH! HEH!

I THINK I'LL JOIN THE BOYS' BRIGADE!

OH, BOY! RED-HOT AMMUNITION — NOW FOR SOME FUN!

SIZZLE!

SIZZLE!

SIZZLE!

SIZZLE!

OOER! I'LL NEVER GET MY TRACKING BADGE — I WAS MEANT TO FIND MY WAY TO NELSON'S COLUMN! GULP!

WATCH OUT, PENNY! WHAT GOES UP...

AAGH! YOU LITTLE TWERP!

JAB!

COO! I THOUGHT YOU ONLY TOSSED PANCAKES!

SIZZLE!

SIZZLE!

SIZZLE!

SIZZLE!

YEEEAGH!

...MUST COME DOWN...!

? ?

AAGH! I'M ON FIRE! OOH! OOH! SOMEONE FETCH SOME WATER!

SIZZLE!

SIZZLE!

SIZZLE!

HO! HO! THAT'S A RED-HOT TRICK, PENNY!

GRRR! IF I EVER SEE THAT BOY SCOUT AGAIN I'LL FLATTEN HIM WITH THAT PERISHING TENT-POLE OF HIS!

news from the floor of 64!

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

REMEMBER the other week we introduced you to some more of the garret gang, and at the same time told you just a leetle about the various tasks and talents that go into the making of a comic magazine ? ! Well, it seems we stirred up a lot of latent interest amongst many of you frantic ones. Seems that many, many of you are MIGHTILY INTERESTED not only in our peerless papers, but in COMIC PUBLISHING generally ! Some of you are even hoping to make careers for yourselves in the comic paper publishing field. So you wanted MORE information ! Information on what sort of qualifications, what sort of talent, does an EDITOR need ? Or a comic strip ARTIST, or a WRITER !

Well, we don't have to tell you, do we ? YOUR word is OUR command ! If that's what you want, that's what you shall have ! If you really WANT us to start out on a short educational course, we're happy to do it ! And if some of you get sore about it, remember it was your brothers in the Brotherhood of Power that asked for it.

But we've taken so long telling you what we're going to do, we've no space now to DO it in ! So we'll start right out next week . . . on LESSON ONE . . . and we'll pinpoint the feller that starts the ball rolling on any story . . . THE SCRIPTWRITER ! Okay ?

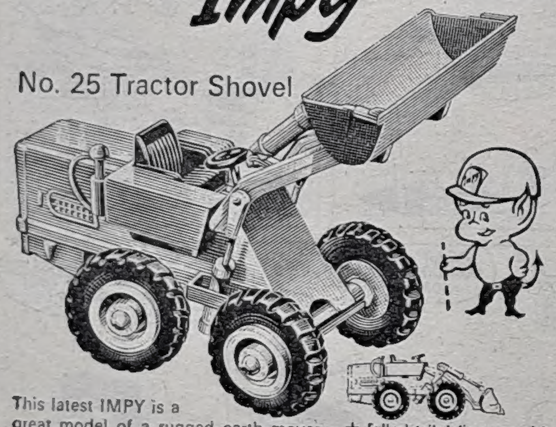
Meet Twenty Proud Power-Pack People . . .

Thomas Cawley, Harrow, London; Zita Tobin, Southampton; Marcus Cutler, Maidstone, Kent; Ronald Mayer, Dagenham, Essex; Fiona Kennedy, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.; Clive Wood, Burnley; Robert Cartwright, Malvern, Worcs.; Patrick Flanagan, Londonderry, N. Ireland; Gary Myles, Salisbury, Wilts.; Nicholas Archer, Bristol; Steven Goodall, Rotherham; Martyn Chilvers, Chester; Tony Dangerfield, Wirral, Cheshire; Gillian Dunn, Liverpool; David Cooper, Hitchin, Herts.; Robert Lawrence, Peterborough; Keith Cornish, Faversham, Kent; Stephen Clarke, Warrington, Lancs.; Judith Glue, Kirkwall, Orkney; Stephen Lamont, Bootle, Lancs.

Bad, sad tidings for all you female fans of that battling, POW-based Howler NICK FURY ! (and can you tell US how come that scrap-battered kisser of his breaks so many feminine hearts ? WE don't know !). But back to this bad news ! Even NOW we can hardly believe it, and, darn it, we were the **first** to see the earth-rocking pages on which it happens ! SERGEANT NICK FURY, the roughest, toughest, fightingest G.I. of World War Two, has . . . has . . . all right, all right, we're going to tell you but we're just taking a deep shuddering, shocked breath before the plunge ! ! ! **HE'S FALLEN IN LOVE** ! And not with some spanking new piece of combat equipment ! ! Not with some nice, dry, bullet-disconcertin' **foxhole** ! BUT WITH **A GIRL** ! ! It's an ever-lovin' FACT ! ! You can see it for yourself, in non-arguable black-and-white . . right there, in POW, **this week** ! WOWWW ! ! ! !

A Tough Worker joins the Impy collection!

No. 25 Tractor Shovel



This latest IMPY is a great model of a rugged earth-mover with *all* the authentic details !

LONE ★ STAR Roadmaster.

Impy Super Cars are the models with *all* the real-car features

Watch out for more Exciting New IMPYS on the way including MERRYWEATHER FIRE ENGINE ROLLS ROYCE SILVER CLOUD III FIRE CHIEF CAR PEUGEOT

★ Fully detailed die-cast models
★ Lifting Scoop on swivelling hydraulic cylinders
★ Heavy duty tyres ★ Rear axle steering ★ Seat ★ Steering Wheel ★ Authentic yellow finish
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The Bridgnorth Stamp Co. Ltd. (Dept. P122), Bridgnorth, Shropshire

cut out

DAREDEVIL

CHALLENGES The Purple Man

I'M SURROUNDED BY A HOSTILE CROWD! I CAN SENSE THEIR HATRED...I CAN FEEL THE LOATHING THEY HAVE FOR ME!! BUT WHY? WHY??
NO, FAITHFUL FRIEND, YOUR EYES ARE NOT DECEIVING YOU! DAREDEVIL IS BEING THREATENED BY A CROWD OF AVERAGE CITIZENS...PEOPLE JUST LIKE YOU! BUT, BEFORE YOU READ ON TO BEGIN LEARNING WHY, LET US CAUTION YOU... YOU'RE ABOUT TO MEET POSSIBLY THE MOST OFF-BEAT, FAR-OUT, DING-DONG, ROOTIN'-TOOTIN', CRACKERJACK SUPER-VILLAIN YOU JUST EVER DID SEE !.

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1964

NEW YORK IS A LARGE CITY... AND, IN SUCH A VAST, SPRAWLING METROPOLIS YOU'LL FIND ALL KINDS OF CHARACTERS AND KOOKS! THEREFORE, WHEN THE PURPLE MAN FIRST ENTERED THE APEX NATIONAL BANK, HARDLY ANYBODY BATTED AN EYE! WHICH, IT LATER TURNED OUT... WAS THEIR MISTAKE !!
THIS SEEMS TO BE A LIKELY PLACE!
LOVELY DAY, ISN'T IT, MR. SMATHERS?
IT'S HARD TO TELL FROM IN HERE, MRS. PERKINS!

CALMLY, PATIENTLY, COMPLETELY RELAXED, THE PURPLE MAN STANDS BEHIND THE LITTLE OLD LADY, AS HE POLITELY AWAITS HIS TURN! AND THEN..
NEXT!
PLEASE FILL THIS CASE WITH HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS! ONLY NEW ONES, IF YOU DON'T MIND! I LIKE THEM NICE AND CRISP!

WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION, THE TELLER DOES AS HE IS TOLD, WHILE THE PURPLE MAN CASUALLY STANDS AND WATCHES THE OPERATION... BETRAYING NO SIGN OF WORRY OR NERVOUSNESS!
DON'T STUFF IT TOO FULL, PLEASE! IT'S A NEW BRIEF-CASE, AND I DON'T WANT THE SEAMS TO SPLIT!
I THINK THAT WILL BE ENOUGH NOW, THANK YOU!
VERY WELL, SIR! I HOPE THIS WILL DO!

PURPLE MAN TURNS AND SLOWLY WALKS THROUGH THE DOOR TO THE STREET, WITH A SATISFIED SMILE ON HIS PURPLE FACE...

SUCH A PLEASANT INSTITUTION TO DO BUSINESS WITH!

WHAT AN ODD-LOOKING MAN!

HMMPH..PROBABLY SOME NEW TYPE OF BEATNIK!

BUT, A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE SOFT-SPOKEN STRANGER HAS LEFT THE BANK, THE STARTLED TELLER SUDDENLY SEEMS AWARE FOR THE FIRST TIME...OF WHAT HE HAS DONE!

GOOD HEAVENS! I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND! I HANDED A PERFECT STRANGER THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN NEW HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILLS!!

THEN, I LET HIM CALMLY WALK OUT WITH THE MONEY!

WITHIN SECONDS, THE DISTRAUGHT BANK EMPLOYEE PUSHES AN EMERGENCY ALARM BUTTON, SUMMONING OTHER BANK EMPLOYEES AND ALERTING THE ARMED GUARDS!

I KNOW I'M TOO LATE! HE COULD BE CLEAR ACROSS TOWN BY NOW!

BRRRINNNG!

BUT, STRANGELY ENOUGH, THE PURPLE MAN HAS MADE NO ATTEMPT TO FLEE! AND SO, A SCANT THREE BLOCKS AWAY WE FIND...

THERE HE IS! HE'S THE ONE!

HALT! STOP, OR I'LL SHOOT!

IT'S JUST TOO NICE A DAY TO TAKE A TAXI! I'D RATHER WALK!

D.S. N.Y.

THERE'S THE BAG WITH THE MONEY! WE'VE GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS!

DIDN'T THINK WE'D FIND YOU, EH?

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME! I DETEST PHYSICAL CONTACT!

HAND OVER THAT CASE, MAC! YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE JUDGE!

AND SO...

BANK ROBBERY IS A SERIOUS CHARGE! I WILL GIVE YOU TIME TO GET A LAWYER!

I DO NOT NEED A LAWYER, YOUR HONOUR!

NONSENSE! OF COURSE YOU DO! IF YOU CHOOSE NOT TO HIRE ONE, THE COURT WILL APPOINT COUNSEL FOR YOU!

AND NOW, FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO WERE WONDERING WHEN, IF EVER, WE'D BE SEEING OUR HERO, WE NEXT GO TO THE OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK, WHERE WE FIND...

MR. MURDOCK IS SO HANDSOME... SO CAPABLE... IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE HE'S BLIND!

WHAT'S THAT? THE COURT WANTS US TO DEFEND A MAN ACCUSED OF BANK ROBBERY? WELL, I'M INVOLVED IN SOME OTHER LITIGATION RIGHT NOW, BUT PERHAPS MY PARTNER...

SAY NO MORE, FOGGY! I'LL TAKE THE CASE!

GET ALL THE DETAILS YOU CAN FOR OL' MATTHEW!

IF YOU'D LIKE ME TO COME ALONG AND TAKE NOTES...?

I'D LOVE IT, LITTLE LADY! GET YOUR COAT!

KAREN HAS NEVER BEEN TO COURT WITH US! I GUESS SHE'S CURIOUS TO SEE LAWYERS ACTUALLY AT WORK!

DON'T KEEP HER TOO LONG, MATT! I'VE GOT A LOT OF DICTATION TO FINISH OFF!

AND SO THEY REACH THE COURTHOUSE, WITH MATT LITTLE DREAMING THAT HE HIMSELF IS THE ATTRACTION FOR KAREN PAGE, RATHER THAN THE LURE OF THE TRIAL!

YOU WALK THE STEPS SO QUICKLY, MR. MURDOCK! YOU MUST COME HERE OFTEN!

I'M GETTING CARELESS! MUSTN'T LET ON THAT MY EXTRA-KEEN SENSES TAKE THE PLACE OF MY EYESIGHT!

YOU SENT FOR ME, YOUR HONOUR?

YES, MR MURDOCK! YOUR CLIENT IS MOST UNUSUAL! HE CLAIMS HIS NAME IS KILLGRAVE... AND HE'S ACCUSED OF BANK ROBBERY!

WHAT IS UNUSUAL ABOUT HIM, SIR?

THE COLOUR OF HIS SKIN, FOR EXAMPLE! IT'S ALL PURPLE! BUT MORE THAN THAT, HE CLAIMS HE COMMITTED NO CRIME... THE MONEY WAS FREELY GIVEN TO HIM!

I HOPE MATT HASN'T BITTEN OFF A TOUGHER CASE THAN HE CAN HANDLE!

THIS WAY, MR. MURDOCK... HE'S IN CELL BLOCK 14!

I SEEM TO SENSE A STRANGE, SINISTER PRESENCE ALREADY!

WHAT A DEPRESSING PLACE!

AS THEY DRAW NEAR THE PURPLE MAN, MATT MURDOCK'S UNBELIEVABLY SHARP SENSES CONJURE UP A PICTURE OF KILLGRAVE... THE REAL KILLGRAVE, WHICH SIGHTED HUMANS CANNOT SEE!

I FEEL AN AURA OF EVIL... OF GREED...

AND I CAN HEAR HIS PULSE RATE QUICKEN... THE WAY A MAN'S DOES WHEN HE SEES AN ATTRACTIVE GIRL! KAREN HAS CAUGHT HIS FANCY!

MR. KILLGRAVE, I'M MATT MURDOCK! THE COURT APPOINTED ME YOUR ATTORNEY!

YOU'VE WASTED YOUR TIME! KILLGRAVE NEEDS NO LAWYER!

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR TRIAL?

TRIAL? THERE WILL BE NO TRIAL!

HE REALLY SEEMS TO MEAN IT!

I'M LEAVING THIS JAIL RIGHT NOW!

GUARD! COME HERE AT ONCE! UNLOCK THIS CELL DOOR! I WISH TO DEPART!

YES, SIR!

IT'S UNCANNY! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HIM... A POWER OF SOME SORT... WHICH MAKES PEOPLE OBEY HIM! NO WONDER HE HAS SUCH CONFIDENCE! HOW CAN ANYONE DEFEAT SUCH A MAN?

YOU ARE MOST ATTRACTIVE, YOUNG LADY! I WOULD LIKE YOU TO BECOME MY SECRETARY! I NEED AN ASSISTANT!

I FEEL HIS POWER EATING AT MY OWN WILL... BUT I MUST RESIST... I MUST FIGHT HIM!

OF COURSE, MR. KILLGRAVE! I'LL START IMMEDIATELY!

REMAIN HERE, MURDOCK! DO NOT ATTEMPT TO FOLLOW THE LADY OR MYSELF!

ALTHOUGH ORDERED TO REMAIN BEHIND, MATT MURDOCK DOES NOT HAVE THE REACTIONS OF AN ORDINARY HUMAN! WITH HIS EVERY SENSE RAZOR-SHARP... HIS INDOMITABLE WILL SHRUGS OFF KILLGRAVE'S COMMAND, AND, AS THE ALARM IS FINALLY SOUNDED...

KILLGRAVE IS GONE!!

SEND OUT AN ALL POINTS ALARM! DON'T JUST STAND THERE, MAN!

I'VE GOT TO FIND A PRIVATE CORNER... WHERE I CAN MAKE A QUICK CHANGE!

AND, FIND IT HE DOES... AS, SECONDS LATER, THE WORLD'S MOST FEARLESS ADVENTURER THUNDERS INTO ACTION!

I'LL FIND HIM! NO MATTER WHERE HE'S HIDING, I'LL HEAR HIS HEARTBEAT... HIS BREATHING...

TO ME, THEY'RE AS DISTINCTIVE AS HIS VOICE!

AND, WITHIN MINUTES...

THAT PULSE... IT'S HIM!!

HOLD IT, KILLGRAVE!

DARE-DEVIL!!

AT LAST, I CAN PROVE MY SUPERIORITY OVER A MERE COSTUMED CRIME-FIGHTER!

YOU DON'T WANT TO PURSUE ME! YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE! I'M NOT THE ONE YOU WANT!

HE ALMOST HAS ME CONVINCED! WHAT CAN HIS POWER BE?? IT ISN'T HYPNOTISM... I'M TOTALLY BLIND, AND YET I FEEL IT!!

LOOK! THERE'S THE PURPLE MAN... THE GUY THE POLICE ARE AFTER!
WHAT'S HE DOING IN THE STREET?
I'M NOT THE PURPLE MAN! I'M JUST A TOURIST!
WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!
YEAH! WE WERE WRONG!
IT'S AMAZING! HE SEEMS TO HAVE THE POWER TO SAP MEN'S WILLS!

OKAY, KILLGRAVE, YOUR LITTLE GAME HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH! NOW RELEASE THE GIRL FROM WHATEVER INFLUENCE YOU'VE EXERTED ON HER... AND COME BACK TO JAIL WITH ME ...OR DO I HAVE TO TAKE YOU THE HARD WAY??
SO! I'VE FINALLY ENCOUNTERED SOMEONE WHO CAN RESIST MY POWER! THAT IS TOO BAD... FOR YOU! NOW I'LL HAVE TO DEFEAT YOU... PERMANENTLY!

HIS POWER LIES WITHIN HIS BODY, SOMEHOW! I'VE NEVER SENSED ANYTHING LIKE IT! WHAT TYPE OF FREAK CAN HE BE?
YOUR WILL IS TOO STRONG FOR ME! BUT I HAVE OTHER METHODS!

THEN, BEFORE DAREDEVIL CAN MAKE ANOTHER MOVE, THE PURPLE MAN ASKS THE CROWD TO ATTACK THE FEARLESS ADVENTURER! AND UNHESITATINGLY, THEY OBEY!!
IT IS TIME FOR US TO LEAVE NOW! COME, MY DEAR!
BUT, YOU ASKED THE PEOPLE TO ATTACK DAREDEVIL! SHOULDN'T I HELP THEM?
DOWN WITH DAREDEVIL!
DAREDEVIL IS OUR ENEMY!
STOP! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!!
REALIZING HIS PLIGHT IS HOPELESS, THE SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER RESORTS TO NIMBLE FLIGHT!
STOP HIM! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE US!!
I CAN'T REASON WITH THEM... AND DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE, SO THIS IS THE ONLY WAY!
DEATH TO DAREDEVIL!!
IT'S AMAZING! I CAN SENSE THE HATRED... THE LOATHING... WHICH KILLGRAVE SO EASILY INSTILLED IN THEM!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? BREAK IT UP! BREAK IT UP!

I HEAR AN OFFICER TRYING TO CALM THE CROWD! HE ARRIVED TOO LATE TO BE AFFECTED BY KILLGRAVE... BUT EVEN HE CAN'T BREAK THE PURPLE MAN'S SPELL!
LUCKY I HEARD THE WIND MAKING THE LEAVES OF THIS TREE RUSTLE! I'LL BE SAFE WITHIN SECONDS!

I REALIZE NOW THAT IT'S TOO DANGEROUS TO KEEP MY STREET SUIT HIDDEN IN THAT HOOD! IT'S TOO EASY FOR AN ENEMY TO GRAB...TO SLOW ME UP!
LOOK! HE'S GETTING AWAY!
CAN'T ANYONE STOP HIM??!

AND, IF ANYONE EVER FOUND MY STREET SUIT, THEY'D HAVE A CLUE TO MY REAL IDENTITY!
SO THE HOOD MUST GO!
WHAT WERE WE SO EXCITED ABOUT?
I-I CAN'T REMEMBER!

SECONDS LATER, AS HE SWINGS AWAY TO FREEDOM, THE DASHING DAREDEVIL REALIZES...
I SENSED THE ANGRY MOOD FADING FROM THE CROWD! THAT MEANS KILLGRAVE'S POWER CAN ONLY BE EFFECTIVE WHEN HE HIMSELF IS NEAR! THE FURTHER HE WENT FROM THE CROWD, THE MORE HIS SPELL WEAKENED!

BUT, AFTER SEARCHING THE CITY FOR HOURS...
IT'S NO USE! I'VE LOST HIS TRAIL! HE HAD TOO MUCH TIME IN WHICH TO HIDE!
NEXT ISH: A PURPLE PROMISE —OF EVIL!

FREE!
10 NEW RALEIGH MUSTANG BICYCLES TO BE WON
POW! WHAM! SMASH! TERRIFIC! FANTASTIC! THE POWER COMICS GREAT SUMMER COMPETITION
These sporty machines have high rise handlebars, short sports mudguards and a three-speed Sturmey Archer gear with 'Sportshift' stub-type gear lever. They've got banana shaped pale saddles, swept-wing chainguards and lightweight Endrick rims.

ONE WEEK TO GO!

This fabulous competition appears this week in all five of the Power Comics - FANTASTIC - TERRIFIC - SMASH - WHAM - POW . . . and it will be repeated in all five comics next week.

Thus, each week you can compete on an entry coupon from any or all of the 'POWER-packed' five.

What is more, you can send your entries in now or, to save postage, you can keep them and send all your entries in together at the end of the contest.

What a FANTASTIC offer! Start entering this TERRIFIC competition now . . . and as often as you can - POW! WHAM! SMASH! *you* can win one of our ten super bikes - FREE!

HOW TO ENTER Pierrots on the piers are strictly for squares! What we want is pops in the Pavilion!

Imagine you were to be the producer of a pop show to run for the summer at a British seaside resort. If you could book TEN of the turns listed on your free entry coupon, which TEN would you choose in order to make the show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success?

Simply place a cross (X) in the blank spaces next to the TEN turns you select. You don't have to worry about the order in which they will appear—just mark ten crosses.

If you are aged 10 or under you may complete the entries in pencil: older readers MUST use ink—pen or ball-point.

Next, add your age and your name and address in block letters, and post your entry in a sealed envelope (4d. postage) to the address shown on your entry coupon. Remember, you can post your coupon(s) now or you can save them until the end of the competition. All entries must arrive by not later than FRIDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1967.

RULES There are ten prizes, each of a Raleigh Mustang bicycle. All entries will be examined, and the prizes awarded to the ten competitors who have, in the opinion of the judges, shown the most skill and judgment in selecting the ten turns which, together, would make a seaside summer pop show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success. Should there be more than ten such entries, those tying will be invited to enter a free eliminating contest to decide the ten winners. No reader can win more than one award.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire other than children of employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies. Each reader is allowed to submit one entry coupon every week from each of the five Power comics in which this competition appears. The decisions of the Managing Editor and the judges are final in all matters relating to the competition, and no correspondence will be entered into. The result will be published in the five Power Comics.

Cut around the broken line

FREE ENTRY FORM — POWER POP COMPETITION

Place a cross (X) in the blank space against each of the TEN turns you select

Bachelors	
Barron Knights	
Cat Stevens	
Cliff Richard	
Dusty Springfield	
Freddie and the Dreamers	
Ken Dodd	
Lulu	
Mammas and Pappas	
Manfred Mann	
Monkees	
Paul and Barry Ryan	
Petula Clark	
Sandie Shaw	
Seekers	
Shadows	
Tom Jones	
Tremeloes	
Val Doonican	
Walker Brothers	

AGE NAME (Block letters)

ADDRESS

(Block letters)

Post your entry to: POWER POP COMPETITION, 96 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.99. 26.8.67

The SWOTS and the BLOTS

HELLO! SOMEONE'S UP LATE TONIGHT!!

COO! IT'S CYRIL SWOT...

GRR! IT'S ME ALL RIGHT! I'LL THINK UP A WAY TO REPAY THOSE BLOT TWERPS IF IT TAKES ME ALL NIGHT!

INK

AT PRECISELY 4-39 A.M....

YAHOO! I'VE GOT IT! I'VE DONE IT! AN INFALLIBLE PLAN! YIPPEE!

I RECKON I'D BETTER GET TO BED NOW!

POOR CYRIL IS SO TIRED, HE SLEEPS THROUGH LESSONS AT SCHOOL THE FOLLOWING DAY...

YOU COULDN'T EVEN WAKE HIM WITH BIG BEN!

ZZZ

I ALWAYS THOUGHT CYRIL SWOT WAS PRETTY DOZEY!

AFTER SCHOOL...

IT'S AN EARLY NIGHT FOR ME TONIGHT—I'LL GET THOSE BLOTS WITH MY SUPER PLAN TOMORROW!

YAWN!

GULP! A SUPER PLAN! I'D B-BETTER TELL THE LADS ABOUT THIS!

AND SO...

A SUPER PLAN, EH? WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE SURE THE TWERP DOESN'T SLEEP AGAIN TONIGHT!

YEAH! SO THAT HE'LL SLEEP ALL DAY TOMORROW! SNIGGER!

THAT NIGHT...

I COULD SLEEP FOR A MONTH! SIGH!

AAGH!

BANG!

CRASH!

BAH! WHO IS MAKING ALL THAT NOISE?

BOOM!

BANG!

THUD!

CRASH!

VROOMP!

SMASH!

CLANG!

CLONK!

CLANG!

CLANG!

CRASH!

RATTLE!!!

HE'LL NEVER SLEEP THROUGH THIS LOT!

I KNEW IT! IT'S THE BLOTS! THEY SUSPECT SOMETHING!

I WILL SLEEP IF I CAN'T HEAR IT! SNIGGER!

HE'S RIGHT, YOU KNOW!

ZZZZZ

AAGH! HE'S PUT COTTON-WOOL IN HIS EAR-HOLES! HE CAN'T HEAR A THING!

BUY

POW!

HEH! HEH! I'LL SOON SUCK OUT THAT COTTON-WOOL!

THIS'LL GET THE SUCKER! SNIGGER!

SUCK!

SUCK!

OH, OH! LOOKS LIKE THAT BLOT HAS GOT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR!

SUCK!

AAGH! EVERYTHING BUT THE KITCHEN SINK!

BUT NOT THAT PERISHING COTTON-WOOL! WAA-AAH!

CRASH!

Z-Z-Z-Z

GRR! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT—ONE OF US WILL HAVE TO GO IN!

RIP-P!

AAGH!

?

!

?!

ER-G-GULP! THE DRAINPIPE CAME AWAY, LADS!

WAA-AGH!

BLOOH!

ERK!

CLUNK!

NEXT MORNING...

YAHOO! I FEEL AS FRESH AS A DAISY! I SLEPT LIKE A LOG!

YIPPEE! NOW I CAN PUT MY SUPER PLAN OVER ON THOSE BLOTS!

IN THE CLASSROOM...

AAGH! WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE ARE MY VICTIMS?

I'M AFRAID THEY WON'T BE COMING TODAY—THEY HAD A LITTLE ACCIDENT LAST NIGHT!

OH, NO!

AT THE HOSPITAL...

CHEEK!

WELL, ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN SCHOOL! SIGH!

NO, THE DRAINPIPE DIDN'T GET HIM, TOO—THE REST DID!

WELL, WE FOILED CYRIL'S PLAN, ANYWAY! SIGH!

PRANG!

SMASH!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

POP ALONG TO THE SHOP AND GET A QUARTER OF TEA, CHARLIE!

HUH! I DON'T KNOW WHY MUM DOESN'T BUY A TON OF THE STUFF, THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE TO GO TO THE SHOP SO OFTEN!

AND SO...

MIGHT AS WELL WATCH THE TELLY WHILE I'M AT IT!

YEOW! LOOK AT THAT! THEY'RE SHOWING THE BOSTON TEA PARTY ON TELLY!

SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK I'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE SHOP AFTER ALL!

SNATCH!

AAGH! STOP, UM THIEF!

HEH! HEH! I SNATCHED A WHOLE **CHEST** OF IT OUT— *GULP!*

YOU GIVE UM TEA BACK OR ELSE!

YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! I KNOW MY HISTORY! YOU'RE NO INDIAN! YOU'RE A WHITE MAN DRESSED UP! LOOK AT THAT— THE PAINT'S STILL WET!

GRR! TRUST THE BRITISH— THEY THINK THEY'RE REAL SMART!

HO! HO! I BET YOU CAN'T EVEN FIRE THAT BOW!

TEA

G-GULP!

DON'T SHOOT! I SURRENDER! I'LL COME QUIETLY!

TEA

ER— I'LL PAY FOR THE TEA! WILL A COUPLE OF BOB DO?

I SAY— THAT'S A STRANGE COIN!

I'VE GOT A SECRET COMPARTMENT IN MY JAMES BOND CART!

TEA

KRAT!

AAGH! TREACHERY!

HO! HO! NOW TO GET THIS TEA BACK TO MUM!

TEA

TEA

OOPS! CHARLIE'S TEA BOX IS SHRINKING BACK TO TELLY SIZE!

I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE MUM'S FACE!

AAGH! I'VE BEEN ROBBED! SOMEONE'S NICKED IT!

THIS MUST BE IT! YOU ROTTEN READERS MIGHT HAVE TOLD ME IT WAS SHRINKING!

MINUTES LATER...

COO! THAT'S CUTE! TEA PACKETS LIKE LITTLE TEA BOXES— WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT?

PHEW! MUM DOESN'T SUSPECT A THING!

NOW FOR A NICE CUP OF TEA!

AAGH! IT'S AWFUL! IT TASTES LIKE BILGE WATER!

SPLOOH!

GRR! THE GROCER MUST HAVE HAD THIS STUFF IN HIS SHOP FOR YEARS!

ER— *ABOUT THREE HUNDRED YEARS TO BE EXACT!* G-GULP!

WHAT A LIFE— I'VE STILL GOT TO GO TO THE SHOP TO GET ANOTHER PACKET OF TEA! AND I'M NOT TAKING MY TELLY WITH ME THIS TIME— *ONE* TICKING OFF IS ENOUGH!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK

BATTLES THE BOMBASTIC BOOMERANG!

EVERY MAN'S HAND IS TURNED AGAINST **THE HULK**— BUT HE FACES NO MORE MALICIOUS MENACE THAN THE HOUNDING **BOOMERANG**...

THAKA THOOM!

NO FALLING ROCKS CAN HURT *HULK!*

NOT BAD, BRAINLESS! BUT NOW--- SUPPOSE YOU CHEW ON *THIS* FOR A WHILE!

DON'T FORGET, I'VE GOT ENOUGH *DISCS* TO KEEP YOU HOPPING FOR A *WEEK!*

USELESS *EXPLOSIONS* CAN'T HURT *HULK!*

FTOOM

MAYBE THE *EXPLOSION* CAN'T HURT YOU---

BUT, WHAT ABOUT THE *LANDSLIDE* IT CAUSES?

TOO BAD YOU WEREN'T *SMART* ENOUGH TO SEE WHAT I WAS UP TO!

RRLMB BBBLE!

HAPPY LANDING, YOU DULL-WITTED BUFFOON!

YOU THINK HULK IS *BEATEN*..?

WELL, I WOULDN'T EXACTLY CALL YOU A BIG *WINNER!*

WHAT THE..?!!

NOW--- IT'S *MY* TURN!

NOT *YET*, BIG MAN!

I BROUGHT A *WEAPON* WHICH CAN EVEN OVER-COME STRENGTH LIKE *YOURS*..!

THIS IS MY *ACE-IN-THE-NOLE*..!

A SPECIAL DISC CONTAINING *TRANQUILIZER GAS!*

NO!

IT'S *POTENT* ENOUGH TO PUT A *BULL ELEPHANT* TO SLEEP!

HEAD.. FEELS *TIRED!* EYES.. HEAVY.. HARD TO.. KEEP OPEN..!

HANDS *NUMB*.. WEAK.. TIRED... *TIRED*..!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1967

AND NOW--- THE MOMENT I'VE BEEN *WAITING* FOR! THE MOMENT WHEN I CAN *BATTER YOU* AT WILL!

FALL! BLAST YOU! *FALL!* WHAT'S HOLDING *YOU UP?* WHY DON'T YOU HELPLESSLY *CRUMBLE?*

BOK!

STOP!

TIRED..! CAN'T--- STAY AWAKE! BUT-- CAN *STILL* BRUSH AWAY--- PUNY TALKING *FLEA!*

IT'S NO USE! HE'S *TOO* POWERFUL!

NOTHING SHORT OF *DEATH* CAN EVER REALLY *STOP* HIM!

AND, *THAT* CAN BE ARRANGED, ALSO--- *NOW*--- WHILE HE'S *TRANQUILIZED!*

MUSTN'T FALL ASLEEP! NOT YET--- NOT *YET*..!

ALL I NEED DO IS REACH *THE DAM* AT THE MOUTH OF THE CANYON---

IF THE CONCRETE WALL SHOULD BE *SHATTERED*... NOTHING COULD REMAIN *ALIVE* IN THE VALLEY BELOW!

NOTHING!... NOT EVEN... THE *HULK!*

FT AMM!

I *DID* IT! *NOTHING* CAN SAVE HIM *NOW!*

SHOOOK

LOOK UP, HULK! *LOOK UP* AT ME!

I WANT TO BE CERTAIN OF *ONE* THING---

I WANT TO KNOW THAT THE *LAST SIGHT YOU SEE* IS THE TRIUMPHANT FACE OF THE MAN WHO *DESTROYED* YOU--

THE FACE OF THE VICTORIOUS *BOOMERANG!*

DO YOU *HEAR* ME, YOU BLUNDERING, BRAINLESS *BEAST!*

I--- HEAR YOU--!

THEN, WITH HIS LAST REMAINING VESTIGE OF INDESCRIBABLE *STRENGTH*, THE MOST POWERFUL HUMAN ALIVE LASHES OUT ONCE MORE--- STRIKING THE NEARBY ROCKS WITH ENOUGH FORCE TO CAUSE A SEMI-*SONIC BOOM*---

THOOOOM!

BTOK!

NOT ONLY DOES THE INCREDIBLE BLOW REDUCE THE VERY ROCKS TO ASHEN *DUST*, BUT IT HURLS THE HOVERING *BOOMERANG* AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE CANYON--- LIKE A WIND-SWEPT *TWIG*---!

UNNHHH..!

BUT THEN, *ANOTHER* STARTLING DEVELOPMENT OCCURS--- AS A RESULT OF THE HULK'S BECOMING *TRANQUILIZED*---

WHAT'S *HAPPENING??* I--- I'M GROWING *WEAKER*--- *CHANGING*--!

TURNING *BACK*--- TO THE HELPLESS *BRUCE BANNER!*

HULK! MY ROCKET BOOTS--- THEY WERE *SHATTERED* WHEN I HIT THE BOULDERS!

MY *LEG*--- IT'S *BROKEN!* CAN'T GET *OUT* OF HERE NOW!

THE *DAM* IS BREACHED... FLOOD WATERS POURING IN! I'LL BE *DROWNED!*

YOU *CAN'T* LET IT HAPPEN! YOU-- YOU'VE GOT TO *SAVE* ME! ONLY *YOU* CAN DO IT---!

MOVING MORE THROUGH *INSTINCT* THAN CONSCIOUS THOUGHT, THE TORTURED GREEN-SKINNED GIANT SEIZES THE MAN WHO HAD TRIED TO *DESTROY* HIM, AND---

HAVEN'T FINISHED *CHANGING* YET! MAYBE *STILL* STRONG ENOUGH TO REACH MOUNTAIN TOP..!

MADE IT! BUT... GETTING *WEAKER*--- THE CHANGE IS SPEEDING UP...

JUST A LITTLE *FURTHER!* DON'T LET ME *GO*-- *DON'T*..

TRY... TO REACH FOR TOP! CAN'T HOLD *ON* ANY LONGER! YOU'RE.. *TOO HEAVY*..!

HURRY! REACH..!

I-- DON'T *WANT* TO LET GO-- BUT-- TOO MUCH *STRAIN*--- NOT *HULK* ANY MORE---*UNNHHH*--

NO! NO!

NOOOO

IF ONLY.. HE HADN'T TRANQUILIZED ME! IF.. I HAD REMAINED... THE HULK...
..I WOULD HAVE BEEN.. ABLE TO.. SAVE HIM...!
AS BANNER SINKS INTO A DEEP, FITFUL SLEEP A SHIMMERING, OMINOUS GLOW SEEMS TO APPEAR IN THE SKY ABOVE HIM...
...A GLOW WHICH GROWS BRIGHTER.. AND BRIGHTER.. UNTIL...
...ITS VERY LUMINESCENCE SEEMS TO TRANSFORM ITSELF INTO WAVES OF PULSATING ENERGY AS IT HOVERS SILENTLY OVER THE STILL FIGURE...
AND THEN... AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD APPEARED.. THE GLEAMING APPARITION VANISHES, AS A DEEP, UNEARTHLY VOICE RINGS OUT...
I HAVE FOUND THE ONE I SEEK!
RISE, BRUCE BANNER.. EVEN THOUGH ASLEEP, YOU CANNOT RESIST MY COMMAND!
NEXT ISH:
THE MENACE OF THE STRANGER!

Reg T.M. & ® Marvel Comics Group

DID YOU KNOW?

YOU CAN SEE THOR! EVERY WEEK IN FANTASTIC

DRAMATIC ACTION!! WORLD CUP SHEET

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I enclose 1/-. Rush me World Cup Sheet, etc., and Bargain Approvals for free examination.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
..... Lot SS.8

HOLIDAY EXTRAS!

There is no need to miss your favourite paper when on holiday because extra supplies are available at all British holiday resorts. Wherever you go, Remember to help your newsagent when you're going away. If you have your SMASH reserved or delivered, please tell him in good time when to stop delivery and when to start again.

SMASH -CHAT!

Have you got anything to say? Chat it over with Alf and Cos. YOU could win a £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,
I was very surprised to see Batman in your comic because Batman is a D.C. creation, and I thought you tuned in to Marvel Comics. Talking about Marvel mags, I have got in my possession, Number One of The Hulk Marvel Comics and I would like to know if it is worth anything ?
Yours smashingly,
Stephen Easton,
Lenham, Kent.

● *Sure, we tune in to Marvel Comics, Steve. At the Power House, we tune in to the BEST anywhere on the dial! Okay? Now over to the SMASH Information Desk . . . your copy of Hulk Number One should be worth at least thirty shillings!!*
Alf and Cos.

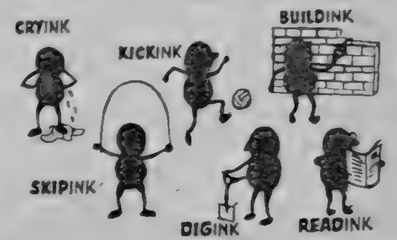
Dear Alf and Cos,
I don't really think that SMASH can be called a Power Comic. After all, what's so POWERful about Ronnie Rich, Percy's Pets, Charlie's Choice and The Nervs? Please find an answer to that!
Billy Wane,
Kettering, Northants.

● *We'll throw this question open to all Power Pack People. Write and tell us any funnier sets than the ones Bill mentions in any mag (Brand X included). We'll hold over our answer to Bill till we know what you think.*
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I would have written earlier but I've just taken my G.C.E. 'O' levels. I have a complaint to make about my letter in Smash 69. You spelt Froggman, 'Frogman.' Well, don't you know a frogman is a fellow with an underwater swimsuit on? A Froggman is a Supertwit—so-called to avoid confusion with frogmen. So if you don't apologise—in public—I shall set the Legion of Supertwits on you. Since, Froggman, Eggbert, Spudman, Blotman, Houndman, and The Diamond are all members of the Legion, as are many more English Supertwits, you would not stand a chance (even with all your Power Superheroes against them). So shudder and live in fear of the Supertwits, and only walk with an army of bodyguards to protect you until you have apologised to Froggman.
Yours Froggfully,
Peter Elliot,
Basingstoke, Hants.

● *Blame Cos. But, then, he never passed his 'O' levels. Best of luck with yours.*
Alf.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I would like you very much to meet my friends, the INKS. So let's see what they are playing at.
D. Parson,
Holcombrook, Lancs.



● *Can anyone else thINK up any new INKs? We'll print the best.*
Alf and Cos.

* * *

Send your letters to:
Alf & Cos,
SMASH,
64, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2

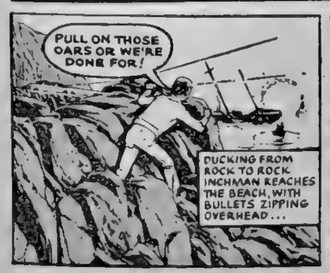
INCHMAN

FOILS GOLD BANDITS WITH ASTON MARTIN DB6

On holiday in Sicily, Inchman hears on the high-powered radio of his DB6 that a millionaire's yacht carrying gold bullion has been ship-wrecked. Local bandits hear the same message and plan to hi-jack the gold...

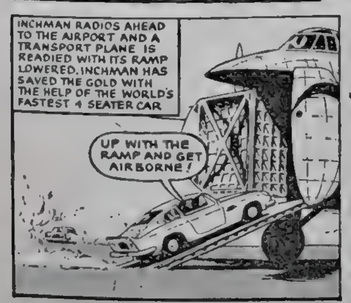
INCHMAN IMMEDIATELY RADIOS THE YACHT HE'S ON HIS WAY. THE RISING SUN FLASHES ON THE WIRE WHEELS OF THE POWERFUL ASTON AS INCHMAN RACES TO THE STRICKEN YACHT
THIS IS WHERE 325 BHP REALLY COUNT!
THE DINKY ASTON-MARTIN DB6 HAS REALISTIC WIRE WHEELS, SUSPENSION AND FINGER-TIP STEERING

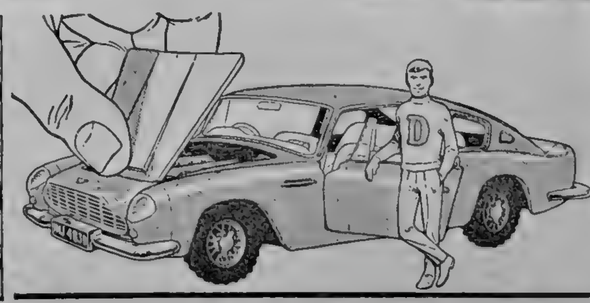
BANDITS!
INCHMAN SCREECHES TO A HALT OPPOSITE THE WRECK. AS HE FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR A BULLET WHINES PAST!
THE DINKY DB6 HAS TWO OPENING DOORS AND TIPPING SEATS



THEY PILE THE GOLD INTO THE BOOT AND SCRAMBLE ABOARD
THE ENGINE WON'T START!
THE DINKY DB6 HAS OPENING BOOT AND BONNET AND A DETAILED ENGINE

OPENING THE BONNET INCHMAN SPOTS A SEVERED H.T. LEAD. HE TWISTS THE ENDS TOGETHER AND THEY'RE AWAY!
LET'S SEE THAT MERC. TRY AND CATCH US NOW!


INCHMAN RADIOS AHEAD TO THE AIRPORT AND A TRANSPORT PLANE IS READIED WITH ITS RAMP LOWERED. INCHMAN HAS SAVED THE GOLD WITH THE HELP OF THE WORLD'S FASTEST 4 SEATER CAR
UP WITH THE RAMP AND GET AIRBORNE!



YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE LOTS OF ACTION-PACKED EXCITEMENT WITH THE FANTASTIC NEW DINKY ASTON-MARTIN DB6

ASK FOR MODEL Nº 153 10/9

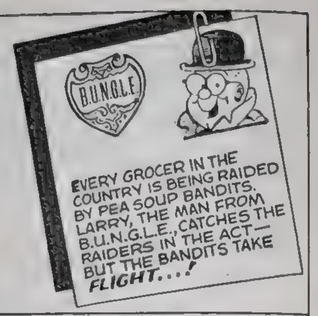
DINKY ASTON MARTIN DB6 has opening doors, tipping seats, fitted interior, wire wheels, suspension and finger-tip steering, realistic headlights, opening boot, opening bonnet and detailed engine.

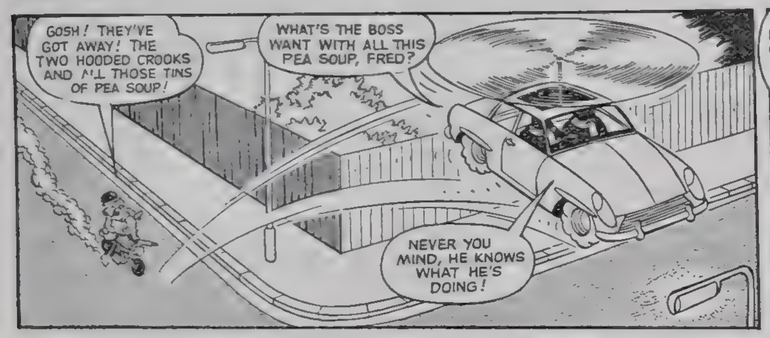
THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW FROM

DINKY TOYS.

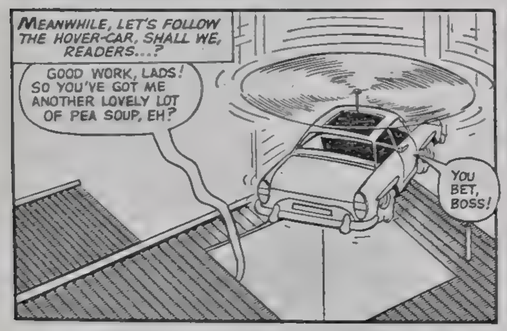
Precision die-cast scale models made by Meccano Ltd. and sold by Hamleys, Harrods, Gamages, Selfridges, and all good toy shops.

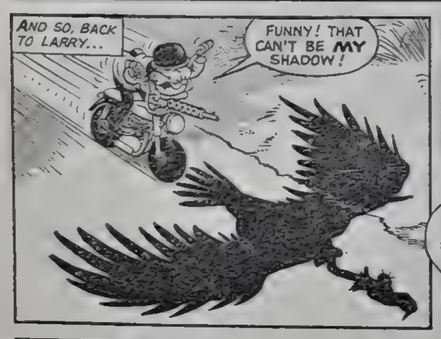
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

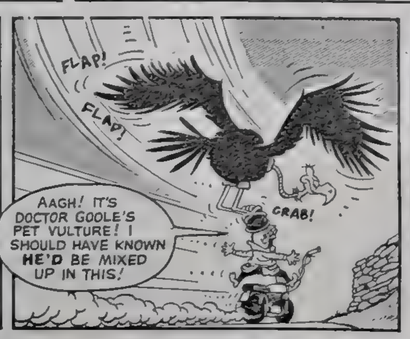

B.U.N.G.L.E.
EVERY GROCER IN THE COUNTRY IS BEING RAIDED BY PEA SOUP BANDITS. LARRY, THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E. CATCHES THE RAIDERS IN THE ACT— BUT THE BANDITS TAKE FLIGHT...!

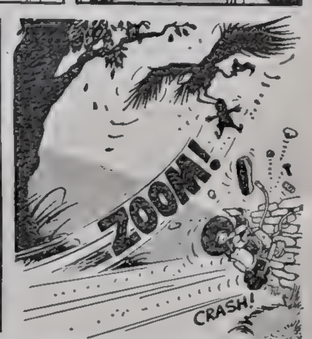

GOSH! THEY'VE GOT AWAY! THE TWO HOODED CROOKS AND ALL THOSE TINS OF PEA SOUP!
WHAT'S THE BOSS WANT WITH ALL THIS PEA SOUP, FRED?
NEVER YOU MIND, HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!

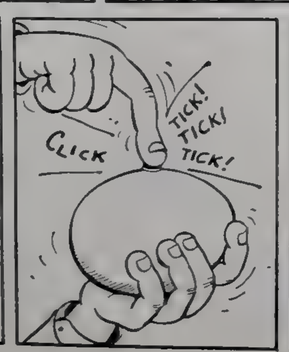
THIS SCOOTER IS EQUIPPED WITH DOZENS OF GADGETS— BUT NO PROPELLER! I'LL HAVE TO TELL THE CHIEF THAT I'VE LOST THEM FOR NOW!
BRRRRRM!

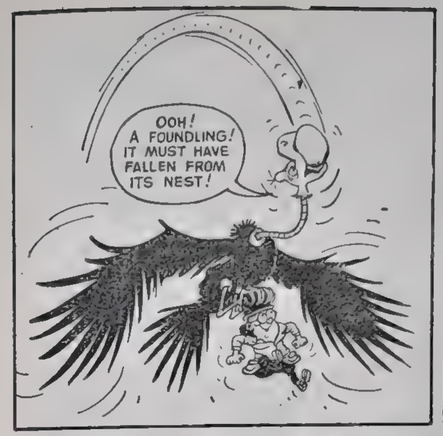

MEANWHILE, LET'S FOLLOW THE HOVER-CAR, SHALL WE, READERS...?
GOOD WORK, LADS! SO YOU'VE GOT ME ANOTHER LOVELY LOT OF PEA SOUP, EH?
YOU BET, BOSS!

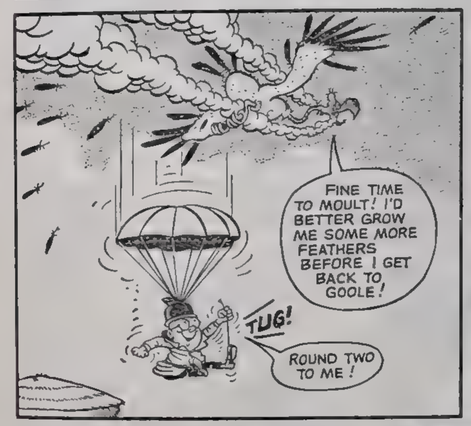


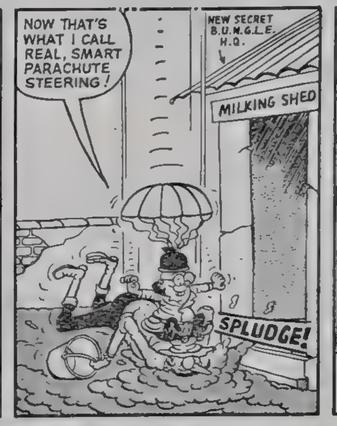




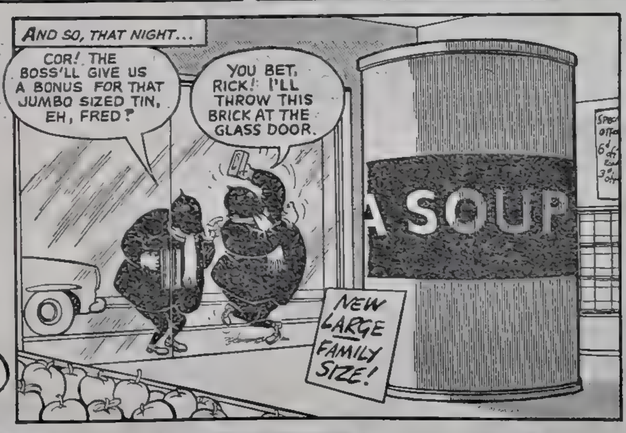


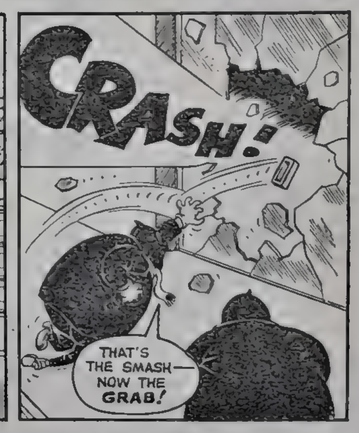


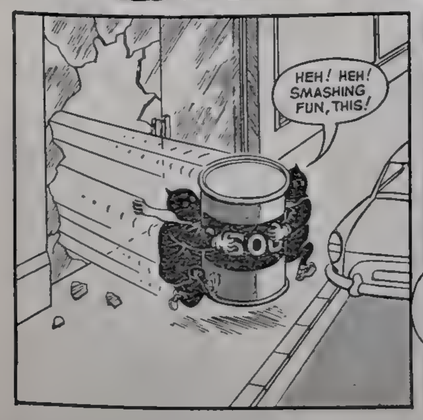


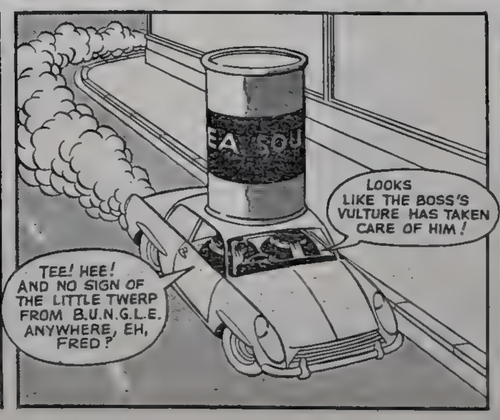


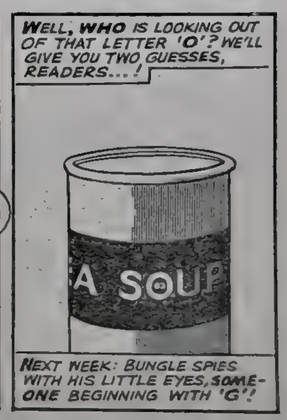
LARRY EXPLAINS...
LISTEN, CHIEF, IT'S DOCTOR GOOLE WHO'S BEHIND THE PEA SOUP ROBBERIES!
IT IS, IS IT? THEN IT MUST BE MORE HORRIBLY IMPORTANT THAN I THOUGHT! FIND OUT WHAT HE'S UP TO, LARRY— WHATEVER THE COST!
SECRET CONTROL PANEL
SECRET OFFICE


AND SO, THAT NIGHT...
COR! THE BOSS'LL GIVE US A BONUS FOR THAT JUMBO SIZED TIN, EH, FRED?
YOU BET, RICK! I'LL THROW THIS BRICK AT THE GLASS DOOR.
A SOUP
NEW LARGE FAMILY SIZE!








WELL, WHO IS LOOKING OUT OF THAT LETTER 'O'? WE'LL GIVE YOU TWO GUESSES, READERS...!
A SOUP
NEXT WEEK: BUNGLE SPIES WITH HIS LITTLE EYES, SOMEONE BEGINNING WITH 'G'!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

OUR NEW SINK WASTE DISPOSAL UNIT IS MARVELLOUS, RON—IT GETS RID OF ALL OUR RUBBISH!
GRIND!
CHOMP!
COO! THAT'S MARVELLOUS!
HEH! HEH! IT SHOULD MAKE A GOOD JOB OF CHEWING UP MY LOLLY THEN!
YAHOO! I DID IT! I'M BROKE! ALL I'VE GOT IS THIS THREEPENNY PIECE FOR THE BUS TO GET TO THE LAWYER'S TO COLLECT MY MILLION QUID!
GIANT CHOC BAR ONLY THREEPENCE THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!
OH, WELL—I CAN ALWAYS WALK TO THE LAWYER'S!
AND SO...
A LITTLE WALK NEVER HURT ANYBODY! SLURP! SLURP!
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE WITH A FACE LIKE THAT, BOY—GET WASHED AT ONCE!
ERK!
WISH I HAD A LONGER TONGUE—I'M GOING TO HAVE TO WASTE SOME OF THE CHOCOLATE ROUND MY FACE!
LICK
JUST AS WELL THE TOWN SUPPLIES OPEN-AIR SINKS!
SINKS, MY BLINKING HOOF—THAT'S MY DRINKING WATER!
HOP IT, TWERP! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO WASH MY FACE IN YOUR TEA?
WHY COMPLAIN? MY FACE IS CLEAN NOW!
IT'LL BE EVEN CLEANER NOW...
H'MM! I THOUGHT MASTER RICH COULD HAVE AFFORDED A BATH OF HIS OWN!
I'D BETTER GET HIM OUT!
CRUNCH!
BY JINGO! GUESS WHAT THIS IS, RON? IT'S THE LOOT FROM THAT SAFE JOB LAST WEEK—THERE'S A BIG REWARD FOR IT!
OH, NO!
COO! ALL THAT LOLLY AND HE ISN'T EVEN BUYING A CHOCOLATE BAR FOR HIMSELF!
BAH! THEY GAVE ME A HUNDRED POUND REWARD FOR FINDING THAT STOLEN LOOT! GRRR!

MEET...

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

MIDDLE DIDDLE!

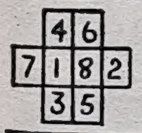
GO up behind your best mate (make it your best mate, because it's safest) and lightly arch the fingers of one hand, on top of his head. Tell him you're holding an egg on his head and you are going to SMASH it. Now hit the top of your hand with the palm of your free hand—this will make the fingers part. Continue to drag them lightly down his head. The feeling is so life-like that your victim's hands will shoot up, expecting to feel his head covered in a horrible, sticky mess!

Fold a stiff belt in half on a flat surface, and ask anyone to place a pencil in the loop it makes. Actually, the belt is not strictly in half—the outer length is just an inch or so longer. But no-one is going to query this.

Now start to slowly fold the belt clockwise round the pencil—asking your friends as you do so whether the pencil is still in the middle. Without doubt, they will swear it is.

But you have craftily turned the longer outer length of the belt anti-clockwise. No-one will have noticed you do this. But the effect is that when you unfold the belt, the pencil is NOT in the middle—it is now outside the belt! Thanks to Knowall, Gordon Smith of Hullbridge, Essex for this trick.

Place The Numbers . . .



Last week I asked if you could write down the numbers ONE to EIGHT in three lines without writing any number next to the one that follows it. Here is the answer.

Eat Your Tongue . . .

Why not? It's quite painless—but the sight of it will win you looks of amazement. You'll even amaze yourself if you practise in front of the mirror first.

Here's how . . . stick out your tongue, and pretend to shake pepper and salt on it. Now place your forefinger on the underside and gently push . . . folding your tongue back into your mouth. Close your mouth and start slowly chewing — finishing with a nice gulp. Boy! Does it look realistic! But this is one trick you really must do with tongue in cheek!

OUCH!

Now you've eaten your tongue, you might as well break your nose. It's easy—just lift your right hand up to it and squash your nose down. Watch your mates faces when they hear it go 'CRACK'! The painless trick is that you've a matchstick concealed between the thumb and fingers of the hand you use to press your nose—a bit of pressure with your thumb as you push and 'CRACK' goes the match.

Have you tried the Knock! Knock! game? You say to your mate "Knock! Knock!" to which he replies: "Who's There?" The example below shows how it goes from there. I'll print different ones from time to time. But play it yourself, you'll be surprised how many different ones you'll think up between you.

KNOCK! KNOCK! WHO'S THERE? BOO! BOO WHO? WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR?

BABY SMASHER...

STUDIO
THE ARTIST WILL BE HERE SHORTLY—HE IS GOING TO PAINT YOU BOTH!
I bet there's nothing to this painting lark!
Here... this will make you green before I've finished!
Ooo!
GREEN! Now you've made me see RED!
BANG! BANG! I'm not YELLOW! You are!
SSSQUIRT!
SSSQUIRT!
EEK!
SSh! Someone's coming!
SQUIRT!
We thought we'd save you a job—we painted ourselves!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

RUBBERMAN ARRIVES IN WEST CITY, U.S.A. WHEN, SUDDENLY, THE *IMPOSSIBLE* HAPPENS... MACHINES AND VEHICLES COME TO LIFE *WITH NO-ONE AT THEIR CONTROLS!* THEIR MISSION— *TO DESTROY THE CITY...*

WITHIN AN HOUR OF THAT TERROR-FILLED MOMENT WHEN THE MACHINES CAME TO LIFE, WEST CITY, U.S.A. HAS BEGUN TO DIE...

COME ON! THERE'S NO-ONE LEFT IN THE CITY! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

POL

THE MACHINES ARE SMASHING THE BUILDINGS! OTHER MACHINES ARE EXPLODING THEMSELVES! BY NIGHT THERE WON'T BE ANYTHING LEFT OF WEST CITY BUT A HEAP OF BURNING RUBBLE!

ON THE HIGHWAYS LEADING OUT OF THE DOOMED CITY...

SOME VEHICLES ARE STILL UNDER HUMAN CONTROL... BUT OTHERS ARE OPERATING THEMSELVES — LIKE LIVING CREATURES!

RUBBERMAN HAS LEFT WEST CITY ON FOOT...

IT'S INSANE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO EVEN *BEGIN* TO REASON THIS WHOLE THING OUT...

HEY! CAN I GIVE YOU A LIFT?

THANKS! BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WHERE...?

...LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, I'M ONLY BOTHERED ABOUT GETTING AS FAR AS POSSIBLE FROM THAT *NIGHTMARE* BACK THERE!

BUT AS THEY BEGIN TO PICK UP SPEED...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT *THIS* JOB WE'RE IN. I'M FRANK REILLY, ENGINEER! NOTHING IS WRONG WITH *THIS* CAR!

GLAD TO HEAR THAT, REILLY. BUT... HEY, THAT HELICOPTER'S COMING STRAIGHT AT US! AND THERE'S NO-ONE IN THE CABIN THAT I CAN SEE!

FRANTICALLY, FRANK REILLY SWINGS THE WHEEL...

IT'S TRYING TO CRASH INTO US... HANG ON!

WE'RE GOING OVER! CAN'T... *AAAAH!*

QUICK! GRAB MY HAND!

H...HEY! YOU MUST BE THAT RUBBERMAN GUY! AND DARNED LUCKY FOR ME YOU *ARE*...!

DON'T SPEAK TOO SOON, REILLY. THAT 'COPTER'S BANKING ROUND FOR ANOTHER ATTACK!

HERE IT COMES, RUBBERMAN! IT'S GOING TO CRASH ITSELF RIGHT INTO US!

OVER HERE, REILLY! MAKE FOR THOSE SAPLINGS!

RUBBERMAN GRIPS A TALL SAPLING, AND...

HANG ON TO ME AND HELP ME TO PULL IT BACK...!

AS THE KILLER 'COPTER HURTLES CLOSER...

CROSS YOUR FINGERS, REILLY! HERE GOES...!

CRRACK!

BULLSEYE! RIGHT ON TARGET! YOU'VE BROUGHT IT DOWN!

CURIOUSLY THEY EXAMINE THE SHATTERED HELICOPTER...

HOW DID IT STEER ITSELF? HOW WAS IT ABLE TO SEE?

RUBBERMAN, LOOK AT THIS!

THE ENGINEER PRODS AT A TINY METAL BOX FASTENED TO A SECTION OF THE HELICOPTER'S SHATTERED POWER UNIT...

IT'S SOME KIND OF ELECTRONIC UNIT, I'M SURE OF IT — AND IT'S STILL ALIVE!

STILL ALIVE! IT... IT'S AS IF THOUGH THE BODY OF THIS MACHINE IS BROKEN, ITS HEART STILL BEATS ON...!

BUT THE BOX IS MORE THAN A MACHINE'S *HEART*...

CONTROLLER! ONE OF OUR ELECTRONIC EYES IS STILL TRANSMITTING A PICTURE OF THIS MAN WE BELIEVED HAD BEEN DESTROYED!

YOU MEAN RUBBERMAN, XAXUS? IF HE STILL LIVES THIS IS SOMETHING WE MUST ATTEND TO WITHOUT DELAY!

WHY DO YOU FEAR THIS RUBBERMAN SO MUCH, CONTROLLER? WHY DO YOU SINGLE HIM OUT FOR SPECIAL ELIMINATION?

BECAUSE HE IS AN *IMPONDERABLE*, MY DEAR PROFESSOR! OUR COMPUTER BRAINS HAVE BEEN CHANNELED TOWARDS PINPOINTING THE REACTIONS OF NORMAL HUMAN BEINGS. THE BRAINS HAVE FAILED ENTIRELY TO ANTICIPATE THE ACTIONS OF THIS *RUBBER MAN!*

ANYTHING THAT CANNOT BE PROGRAMMED INTO OUR BRAIN UNITS IS A POTENTIAL DANGER TO OUR MASTER PLAN! ANYTHING THAT IS BEYOND OUR COMPUTERIZED ASSESSMENT COULD AFFECT THE GLORIOUS DAY... *WHEN THE MACHINES RULE THE WORLD!*

YES, WE CAN CONTROL MACHINES AND WE CAN ANTICIPATE THE MOVES OF OUR ENEMIES OF FLESH AND BLOOD. BUT THIS MAN BELONGS TO NEITHER CATEGORY! I SEE NOW THAT HE, ABOVE ALL OTHERS, MUST BE DESTROYED!

TEN MINUTES LATER. FIFTY MILES AWAY...

LOOK! ARMY TANKS! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US!

ONE OF THEM IS A FLAME-THROWER! AND THAT'S SOMETHING AGAINST WHICH EVEN A MAN MADE OF RUBBER CAN'T SURVIVE...!

BOOM!

YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS *OURS* AS TO HOW RUBBERMAN WILL GET OUT OF THIS ONE — THAT IS, *IF HE DOES!* WATCH OUT FOR NEXT WEEK'S ISH!

THE NERVS

M'MM! COD ROE! I LOVE THE STUFF!

HE DOESN'T EVEN CHEW IT, THE PIG! HE SWALLOWS IT WHOLE!

IN FATTY'S TUM DEPARTMENT...

PLOP!

YEOW! IT'S ROE! GOOD OLD FATTY! WHAT A PAL!

I'M GOING TO MAKE MYSELF A ROE BOAT! JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED!

SOON...

BLOOD STREAM

YAHOO! I'M READY FOR LAUNCHING - I MADE THE OARS FROM A COUPLE OF FISH-BONES!

ROWING DOWN THE BLOODSTREAM ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON!

BLOOD ROCKS

FOR THERE'S NO BOAT LIKE A ROE BOAT!

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING THE ALIMENTARY CANAL

REEF KNOT

OH, NO! LOOK OUT, YOU TWERP!

AAGH! I'VE HIT SOMETHING!

CRASH!

WAA-AAH! CALL OUT THE LIFEBOAT! I'M GOING DOWN WITH MY SHIP! HELP!

GLUG! GLOOP! BUBBLE!

AND IT'S NOT BECAUSE I'M BRAVE - MY BLINKING FOOT'S STUCK IN THE PERISHING PLUG-HOLE!

NEXT MOMENT...

CALL OUT THE LIFEGUARDS! INTO ACTION! TOMMY TUM NERV'S IN TROUBLE!

STOMACH DEPT.

IT'S LUCKY FOR OLD TOMMY THAT FATTY WAS EATING THOSE MINTS WITH THE HOLES IN THEM YESTERDAY!

YEAH! THEY MAKE SMASHING LIFE-BELTS!

BLOOD STREAM

NEVER FEAR - THE TUM NERVS ARE HERE!

WE'LL SOON HAVE YOU FISHED OUT, YOU CLOT!

NEARLY THERE, TOMMY!

H-EAVE, MEN!

SUFFERING SHRIMPBOATS - HE'S B-BRINGING HIS BLINKING BOAT OUT WITH HIM!

? ? ?

SWOOSH!

TRUST ME TO PUT MY FOOT IN IT! GULP!

CRUNCH!

SMACK!

HELP!

AAGH! WE'VE BEEN CLOBBERED!

WAA-AAH!

GRR! LET'S CLOBBER THE TWERP!

YEAH! THE UNGRATEFUL TWIT!

HELP! HELP! I'M INNOCENT! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

MINUTES LATER...

I'LL HIDE IN THE TUM DEPARTMENT - AND QUICK! G-GULP!

STOMACH DEPT.

SORRY, COOKY, BUT A LAD'S GOT TO LOOK AFTER HIS OWN SKIN!

FISH SOUP

SPLODGE!

SOME CHAPS ARE JUST BORN MESSY EATERS!

FISH SOUP

JAB!

STAB!

COO! THOSE SHARP FISHBONES ARE SINKING INTO FATTY'S TUM - HE ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THIS AT ALL!

AIEE!

COOKY'S RIGHT, TOO! FATTY DOESN'T LIKE IT ONE BIT!

I'M NOT SURPRISED! WHAT CAN ONE EXPECT WHEN ONE DOESN'T CHEW ONE'S FOOD!

AND SO...

IT'S CHEWING FROM NOW ON FOR ME!

CHEW! CHEW! CHEW!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE TUM DEPARTMENT...

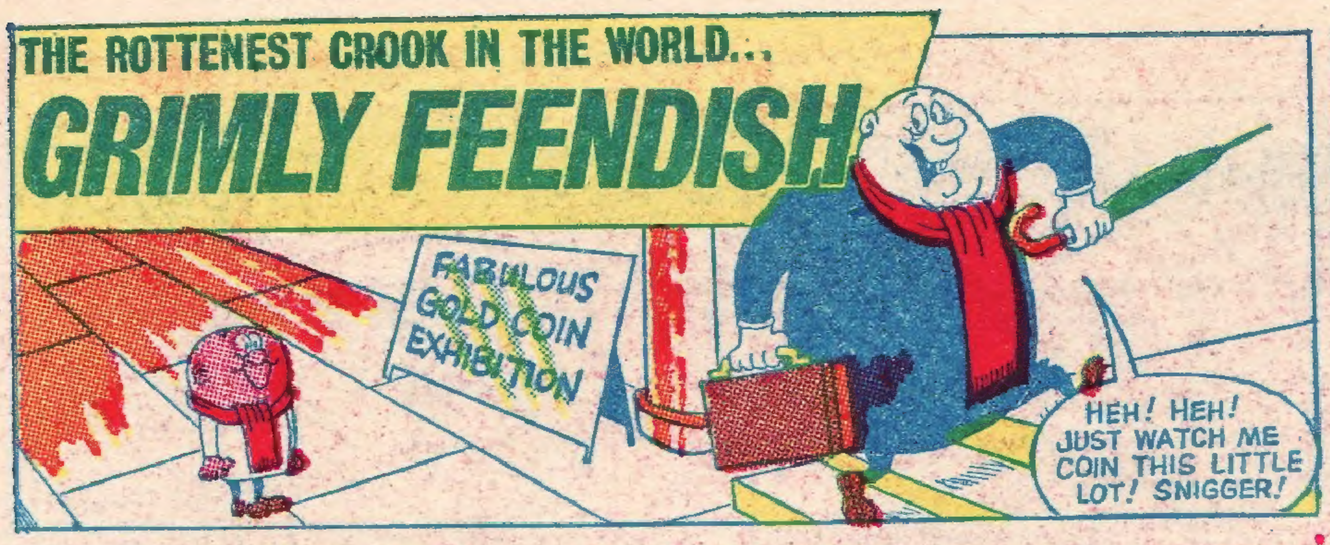
THAT MEANS NO MORE ROE BOATS FOR ME! SOB! SOB! WAIL!

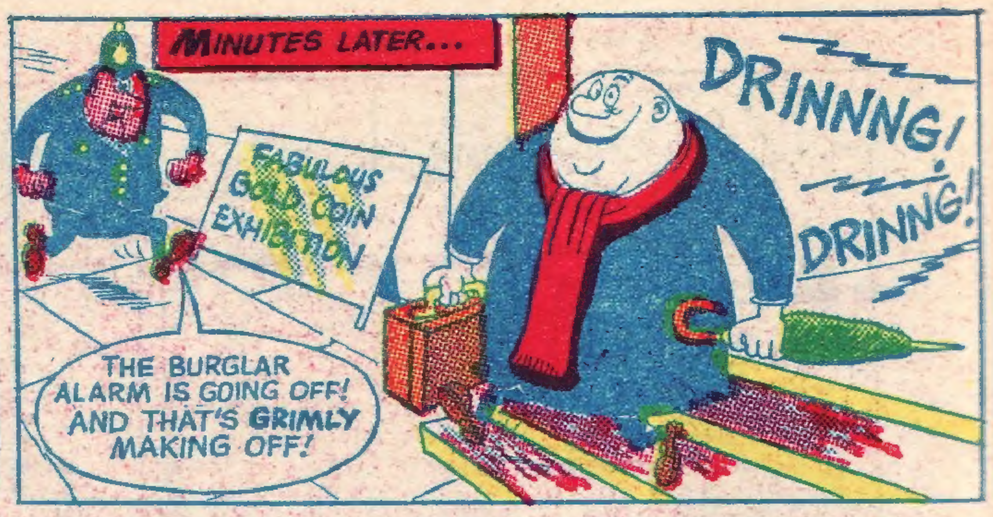
ROTTEN CHEAT! YOU CAN'T HIT A BLOKE WHO'S CRYING!

FISH SOUP

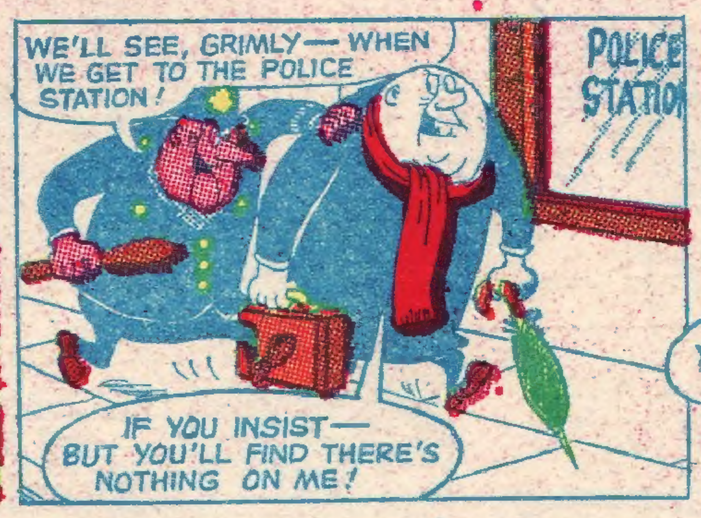
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD...

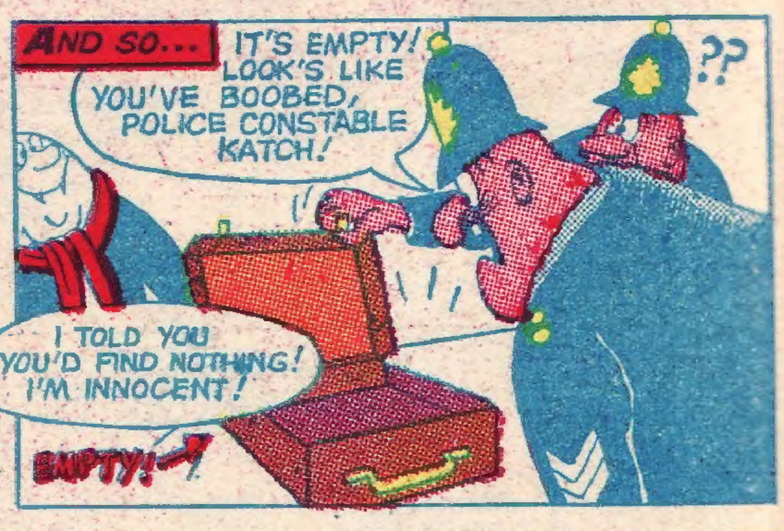
GRIMLY FEENDISH

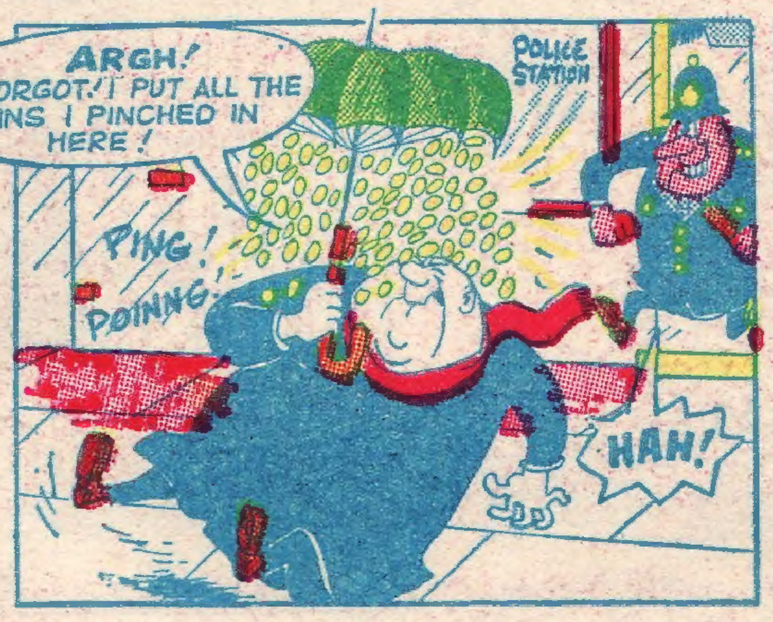


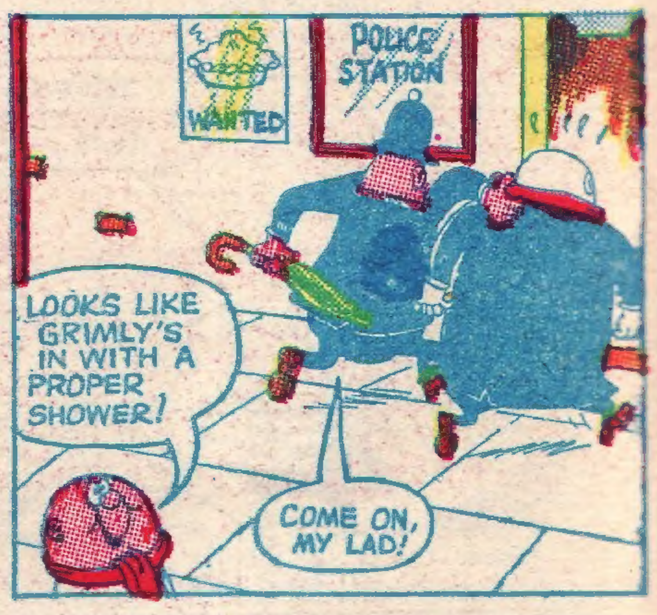


HELP, OFFICER! ALL OUR GOLD COINS HAVE BEEN STOLEN!
DON'T WORRY, SIR, I THINK THIS IS THE CULPRIT!
BAH! YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME, COPPER!









LESLIE CROWTHER SAYS:
SUCK IT AND SEE— IT'S MAGIC!
NOW BANANA OUTSIDE— NEW TOFFEE INSIDE!
New Mighty Magic
Wall's
First, lots of smooth banana-flavoured ice cream. Mmmm-marvellous! Then, a gorgeous great chunk of chewy toffee to make it last so much longer!
AND A TERRIFIC MAGIC TRICK ON EVERY PACK!
THERE ARE LOTS OF SUPER TRICKS TO LEARN— TRY THIS ONE ON YOUR FRIENDS
SLIT
KNOT
RING
MAGIC FLOATING RING
1. First, make a small slit across the base of a pencil. 2. Then attach the finest thread you can find to the slit in the pencil. Attach the other end to a button on your jacket. 3. Now drop a curtain ring (or any other small ring) over the top of pencil as shown. 4. By moving the pencil backwards and forwards the ring will rise and fall at your command!